

PICTURESQUE CANADA

EDITED BY PRINCIPAL GRANT
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.
KINGSTON · ONT.

NEW YORK:
JAMES CLARKE, * 21 PARK ROW,
PUBLISHER.

A very faint, large watermark-like image of a classical building with four prominent columns is visible in the background of the page.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/picturesquecanad00gran>



QUEBEC—A GLIMPSE FROM THE OLD CITY WALL.

PICTURESQUE CANADA;

THE COUNTRY AS IT WAS AND IS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D.D.,

OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.

ILLUSTRATED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF L. R. O'BRIEN, PRES. R.C.A.

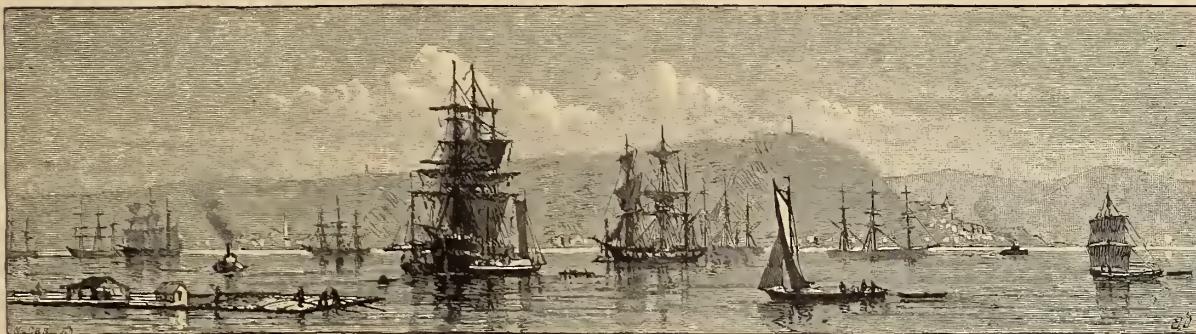
WITH OVER FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

VOLUME I.

JAMES CLARKE, PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK.

Copyright, 1882,
By BELDEN BROTHERS.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.



QUEBEC.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

OUR work begins with Quebec. Rightly so. Canada has not much of a past, but all that it has from Jacques Cartier's day clusters round that cannon-girt promontory; not much of a present, but in taking stock of national outfit, Quebec should count for something;—indeed, would count with any people. We have a future, and with it that great red rock and the red-cross flag that floats over it are inseparably bound up.

The glowing pages of Parkman reveal how much can be made of our past. A son of the soil like Le Moine, who has an hereditary right to be animated by the *genius loci*, whose Boswell-like conscientiousness in chronicling everything connected with the sacred spot deserves all honourable mention, may exaggerate the importance of the city and the country, its past and its present. But truer far his extreme—if extreme it be—than Voltaire's or La Pompadour's, and their successors' in our own day. The former thought France well rid of "fifteen thousand acres of snow," with an appreciation of the subject like unto his estimate of those "*Juifs misérables*," about whose literature the world was not likely to trouble itself much longer when it could get the writings of the French *Philosophes* instead. The latter heartily agreed with him, for—with Montcalm dead—"at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace." To us it seems that the port which for a century and a half was the head-quarters of France in the New World, the door by which she entered and which could be closed against all others, the centre from which she aimed at the conquest of a virgin continent of altogether unknown extent,

and from which her adventurous children set forth—long-robed missionaries leading the way, trappers and soldiers following—until they had established themselves at every strategic point on the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, the Ohio, and the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to New Orleans, must always have historical and poetic significance. The city and the Province which for the next hundred and twenty years have remained French in appearance and French to the core, yet have fought repeatedly and are ready to fight again side by side with the red-coats of Great Britain—the best proof surely that men can give of loyal allegiance;—which preserve old Norman and Breton customs and traits, and modes of thought and faith that the Revolution has submerged in the France of their fore-fathers, fondly nursing the seventeenth century in the lap of the nineteenth, must, perhaps beyond any other spot in North America, have an interest for the artist and the statesman.

In the sixteenth century the gallant Francis I. made seven attempts to give France a share in that wonderful New World which Columbus had disclosed to an unbelieving generation, but like his attempts in other directions they came to nothing. In 1535 he put three little vessels under the orders of Jacques Cartier, a skilful navigator, a pious and brave man, well worthy of the patent of nobility which he afterwards received, instructing him to proceed up the broad water-way he had discovered the year before, until he reached the Indies. His duties were to win new realms for Mother Church, as a compensation for those she was losing through Lutheran and Calvinistic heresies, and to bring back his schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls. Thus would his labours redound to the glory of God and the good of France. Jacques Cartier crossed the ocean and sailed up the magnificent water-way, piously giving to it the name of the saint on whose fête-day he had first entered its wide-extended portals. For hundreds of miles the river kept its great breadth, more like a sea than a river, till the huge bluff of Quebec, seen from afar, appeared to close it abruptly against farther advance. By means of this bluff thrust into the stream and the opposite point of Levis stretching out to meet it, the view is actually narrowed to three quarters of a mile. Coasting up between the north shore and a large beautiful island, he came, on the 14th of September, to the mouth of a little tributary, which he called the Ste. Croix, from the fête celebrated on that day. Here he cast anchor, for now the time had come to land and make inquiries. It needed no prophet to tell that the power which held that dark red bluff would hold the key to the country beyond. The natives, with their chief Donnacona, paddled out in their birch-bark canoes to gaze upon the strange visitants who had—in great white-winged castles—surely swooped down upon them from another world. Cartier treated them kindly. They willingly guided him through the primeval forest to their town on the banks of the little river, and to the summit of the rock under the shadow of which they had built their wigwams. What a landscape for an explorer to gaze upon! Shore and forest bathed in the mellow light of the September sun for forty miles up and down both sides of

the glorious stream! Wealth enough there to satisfy even a king's pilot and captain-general. Between the summit and the river far below he may have seen amid the slate the glitter of the quartz crystals from which the rock afterwards received its name of Cape Diamond. Certainly, on his next voyage he gathered specimens from Cap Rouge. But the great attraction must have been the river itself, flowing past with the tribute of an unknown continent. Its green waters swept round the feet of the mighty Cape. He could cast a stone into the current, for at high tide it rolled right up to the base of the rock. The narrow strip of land that now extends between rock and river, crowded with the houses of Champlain Street, was not there then. The street has been won from the waters and the rock by man, whose greed for land even the boundless spaces of the New



ARRIVAL OF JACQUES CARTIER AT STADA CONA.

World cannot satisfy. The ground that sloped down to the Ste. Croix, at the mouth of which his vessels lay at anchor, was covered with the finest hard-wood trees—walnuts, oaks, elms, ashes, and maples—and among these the bark-cabins of Donnacona's tribe could be seen. They called their town Stadacona. To this day no name is more popular with the people of Quebec. Any new enterprise that may be projected, from a skating-rink to a bank or steamship company, prefers Stadacona to any other name.

All the way down to Cap Tourmente and round the horizon formed by the fir-clothed summits of the Laurentides that enclosed the wide-extended-landscape, an unbroken forest ranged. The picture, seen from the Citadel on Cape Diamond to-day, is as fair as the eye can desire to see. The sun shines on the glittering roofs of Quebec, and the continuous village of clean white houses extending miles down to the white riband of

Montmorency, and on cultivated fields running up into still unbroken wilderness, and on the broad river basin enclosing the island, in the forest glades of which wild grapes grew so luxuriantly that Cartier enthusiastically called it Isle of Bacchus. But then it was in all its virgin glory, and Cartier's soul swelled with the emotions of a discoverer, with exultation and boundless hope. Did it not belong to him, did it not almost owe its existence to him? And he was giving it all to God and to France.

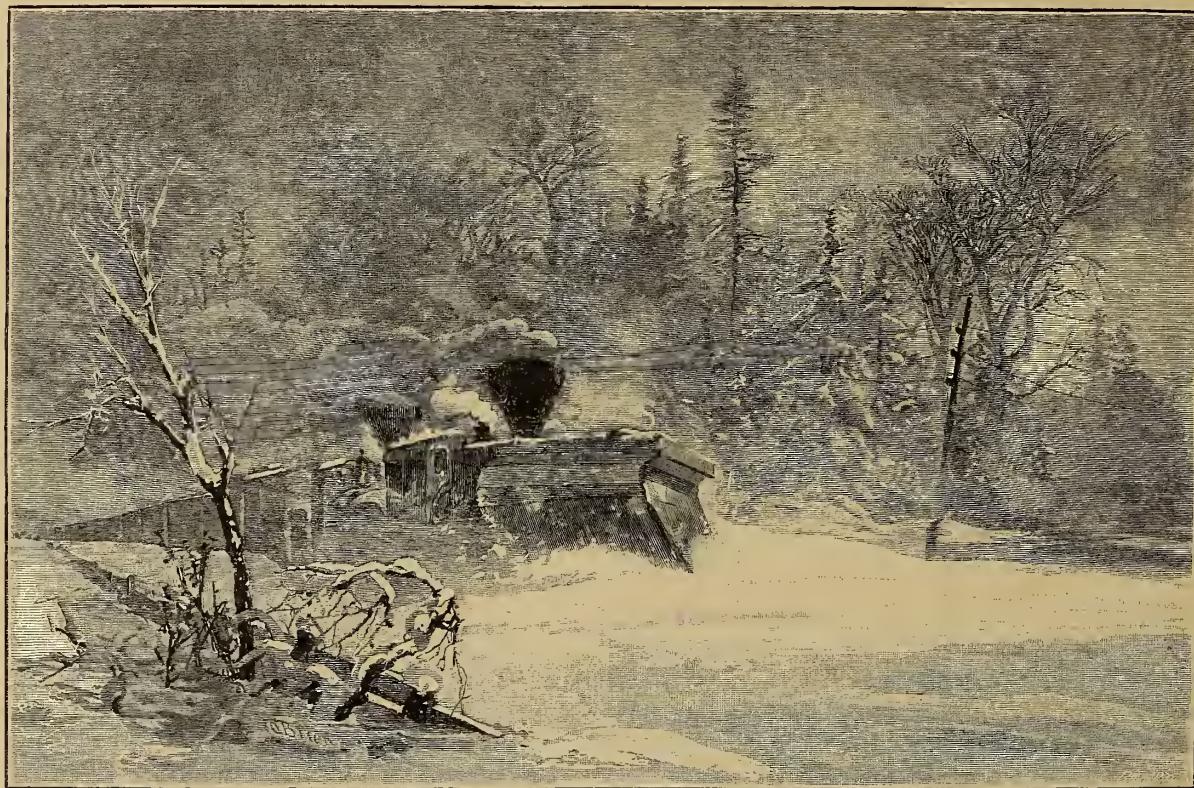
Donnacona told the strangers of a far greater town than his, many days' journey up the river. So Cartier placed his two largest vessels within the mouth of the Ste. Croix, or the St. Charles, as the Récollets called it in the next century, and pursued his way, overcoming the obstacles of St. Peter's Lake, to Hochelaga. The natives there received him as if he were a god, bringing fish and corn-cakes, and throwing them into the boats in such profusion that they seemed to fall through the air like rain or snow. Cartier could not help falling in love with the country. The palisaded town nestling under the shadow of Mount Royal was surrounded by fertile fields. Autumn showered its crimson and gold on the forests, turning the mountain into an immense picture suspended high in air, glowing with a wealth of colour that no European painter would dare to put on canvas. The river swept on, two miles wide, with a conquering force that indicated vast distances beyond, new realms waiting to be discovered. All the way back to Quebec the marvellous tints of the forest, and the sweet air and rich sunsets of a Canadian autumn accompanied the happy Frenchmen. Had they now turned their prows homeward, what pictures of the new country would they have held up to wondering listeners! Nothing could have prevented France from precipitating itself at once upon Canada. But the natives, accustomed to the winters, uttered no note of warning to the strangers, and therefore, although Cartier rejoined his comrades at Quebec on the 11th of October, he delayed till the ice-king issued his "*ne exeat.*" Then he and they soon learned that the golden shield had another side.

To Canadians, winter is simply one of the four seasons. The summer and autumn suns ripen all the crops that grow in England or the north of France, and in no temperate climate is more than one crop a year expected. The frost and snow of winter are hailed in their turn, not only as useful friends but as ministers to almost all the amusements of the year—the sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing, ice-boating, tobogganning—that both sexes and all classes delight in. The frost does much of our subsoil ploughing. Snow is not only the best possible mulch, shading and protecting the soil at no cost, but its manurial value gives it the name of "the poor man's manure." The ice bridges our lakes and rivers. A good snow-fall means roads without the trouble of road-making, not only to kirk and market, but through thick woods, over cradle-hills, and away into the lumber regions. An insufficient supply of snow and ice is a national calamity; and excess can never be so bad as the pall that covers England and Scotland half the year and makes the people "take their pleasures sadly."

But, we are prepared for winter. Jacques Cartier was not, and very heavily its hand fell upon him, as it did subsequently on Champlain when he first wintered at Quebec. How heavily, we are in a position to estimate from reading the harrowing descriptions of the sufferings endured by the people of London in January 1881, in consequence of a snow-fall of some twelve inches. One periodical describes the scene under the title of "Moscow in London," and soberly asserts that "to have lived in London on Tuesday, the 18th January, 1881, and to have survived the experience, is something which any man is justified in remembering, and which ought to justify occasional boasting of the fact." Another declares that a few more such snow-storms would "render our life and civilization impossible;" that in such a case there could be only "an Esquimaux life, not an English life;" that "a transformation of the rain into these soft white crystals which at first sight seem so much less aggressive than rain is all that is needed to destroy the whole structure of our communications, whether in the way of railway, telegraph, or literature;" and sadly moralises over the fact that this is sure to come about in time from the precession of the equinoxes. Bathos such as this indicates fairly enough the wonderful ignorance of the facts and conditions of Canadian life that reigns supreme in educated English circles. Canadians fancy that their civilization is English. Those of us who are practically acquainted with the conditions of life in England are pretty well agreed that where there are points of difference the advantage is on our side. Not one man in a thousand in Canada wears a fur coat, or an overcoat of any kind heavier than he would have to wear in the mother country. We have ice-houses, but do not live in them. Society shows no signs of approximating to the Esquimaux type. We skim over the snow more rapidly than a four-in-hand can travel in England when the best highway is at its best. A simple contrivance called a snow-plough clears the railway track for the trains, tossing the snow to the right and left as triumphantly as a ship tosses the spray from its bows. We telegraph and telephone, use cabs and busses, and get our mails—from Halifax to Sarnia—with "proofs" and parcels about as regularly in winter as in summer. Incredible as all this must sound to those who have shivered under the power of one snow-storm and a few degrees of frost, there is a certain humiliation to a Canadian in describing what is so entirely a matter of course. He is kept from overmuch wonder by remembering that the people of Western Canada, in spite of practical acquaintance with snow-ploughs, opposed for years the construction of the Intercolonial Railway because they strenuously maintained that it would be blocked up all the winter with ice and snow.

We are accustomed to our environment. Cartier's men were not; and reference has been made to recent experiences in England to help us to understand what horrors those poor fellows from sunny France endured throughout an apparently endless winter, cooped up in the coldest spot in all Canada. "From the middle of November to the 18th of April the ice and snow shut us in," says their captain. Ice increased upon ice. Snow fell upon snow. The great river that no power known to man could fetter, was bound fast.

Everything froze. The breath that came from their mouths, the very blood in their veins, seemed to freeze. Night and day their limbs were benumbed. Thick ice formed on the sides of their ships, on decks, masts, cordage, on everything to which moisture attached itself. Snow wreathed and curled in at every crevice. Every tree had its load. A walk in the woods was an impossibility, and there was nowhere else to walk. Confined within their narrow domain, and living on salted food, scurvy seized upon the helpless



TRIUMPH OF THE SNOW-PLough.

prisoners. What was to be done? Cartier had recourse to heaven, receiving, however, the same minimum of practical answer that was given by Hercules to *Æsop's* waggoner. A modern writer of scrupulous accuracy describes naïvely the appeal and its bootlessness: "When eight were dead and more than fifty in a helpless state, Cartier ordered a solemn religious act which was, as it were, the first public exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada, and the origin of those processions and pilgrimages which have since been made in honour of Mary, to claim her intercession with God in great calamities. Seeing that the disease had made such frightful ravages he set his crew to prayer, and made them carry an image or statue of the Virgin Mary over the snow and ice, and caused it to be placed against a tree about an arrow's flight away from the fort. He also commanded that on the following Sunday mass should be sung in that place and before that image, and that all those who were able to walk, whether well or ill, should go in the procession—singing the seven penitential Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the Virgin to entreat her dear Son to have pity upon us." On that day mass was celebrated

before the image of Mary, even chanted, Cartier tells us; apparently the first occasion of a high mass in Canada. At the same time Cartier gave another special proof of his vivid and tender trust in Mary—promising to make a pilgrimage in her honour to Roquemadour, should he be spared to return to France. “Nevertheless, that very day, Philip Rougemont, a native of Amboise, twenty years old, died; and the disease became so general that of all who were in the three ships there were not three untouched, and in one of the ships there was not one man who could go into the hold to draw water for himself or the others.” Despair fell upon the poor wretches. They gave up hope of ever seeing France again. Cartier alone did not despair, and the dawn followed the darkest hour. One of the Indians told him of “the most exquisite remedy that ever was,” a decoction composed of the leaves and bark of the white spruce. He administered the medicine without stint, and in eight days the sick were restored to health. And now the long cruel winter wore away. The icy fetters relaxed their grip of land and river. Under warm April suns the sap rose, thrilling the dead trees into life. Amid the melting snow, green grasses and dainty star-like flowers sprang up as freely as in a hot-house. Cartier prepared to depart, first taking possession of Canada, however, by planting in the fort “a beautiful cross” thirty-five feet high, with the arms of France embossed on the cross-piece, and this inscription, “*Franciscus Primus, Dei gratia, Francorum rex, regnat.*” Then, treacherously luring Donnacona on board ship, that he might present the King of Stadacona to the King of France, he set sail for St. Malo. Nothing came of this, the second voyage of Cartier, and little wonder. What advantages did Canada offer to induce men to leave home! What tales could the travellers tell save of black forests, deep snow, thick ice, starving Indians, and all-devouring scurvy! But Cartier was not discouraged, and six years afterwards Francis resolved to try again. Roberval was commissioned to found a permanent settlement. He sent Cartier ahead and Cartier tried at Cap Rouge, above Quebec, the Indians of Stadacona naturally enough not making him welcome. But the experiment did not succeed. The time had not come. Nearly a century was to pass away before the true father of New France—the founder of Quebec—would appear.

On the 3d of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain planted the white flag of France on the site of Quebec. The old village of Stadacona had disappeared, and there was no one to dispute possession with the new comers. With characteristic promptitude Champlain set his men to work to cut down trees and saw them into lumber for building, to dig drains and ditches, to pull up the wild grape-vines which abounded, to prepare the ground for garden seeds, or to attend to the commissariat. Every one had his work to do. The winter tried him as it had tried Cartier. The dreaded scurvy attacked his followers. Out of twenty-eight only eight survived, and these were disfigured with its fell marks. The next year he decided to ally himself with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Five Nations. It may have been impossible for him to have remained neu-

tral, though the example of the Dutch at Albany indicates that it was possible. Certainly the step plunged the infant colony into a sea of troubles for a century. It took the sword and was again and again on the point of perishing by the tomahawk.

This man Champlain, soldier, sailor, engineer, geographer, naturalist, statesman, with the heart and soul of a hero, was the founder of New France. He had gained distinction in the wars of the League; in the West Indies he first proposed that ship canal

across the Isthmus of Panama which another Frenchman—as unconquerable as he—is probably destined to construct; and subsequently he had spent years exploring and attempting settlements around the rugged Atlantic shores of Acadie and New England. From the day that he planted the lilies of France at the foot of Cape Diamond to the day of his death, on Christmas, 1635, he devoted himself to the infant colony, lived for it and kept it alive, in spite of enemies at home and abroad, and discouragements enough to have shaken any resolve but that of courage founded upon faith. Right under the beetling cliff, between the present Champlain Market and the quaint old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Champlain determined to build his city. His first work was to prepare the ground for garden seeds, and wheat and rye. He saw from the first, what he never could get any one else in authority to see, that the existence of the colony, as anything more than a temporary fur-trading post, depended on its being able to raise its own food. The Company with which he



CHAMPLAIN.

was associated could not see this, because they had gone into the enterprise with very different motives from those that animated Champlain. When we have no desire to see, we put the telescope to our blind eye and declare that there is nothing to be seen. Every creature acts according to its instincts, and to the rule fur-trading companies are no exception. Give them a monopoly and instinct becomes consecrated by laws human and Divine. The welfare of the Company becomes the supreme law. At the beginning of this century the North-West Company thought it right to stamp out in



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.
Site of Original City.

blood and fire the patriotic efforts to colonize Assiniboia made by a Scottish nobleman, who lived half a century before his time. Subsequently the two hundred and sixty-eight shareholders of the Hudson's Bay Company felt justified in keeping half a continent as a preserve for buffalo and beaver.

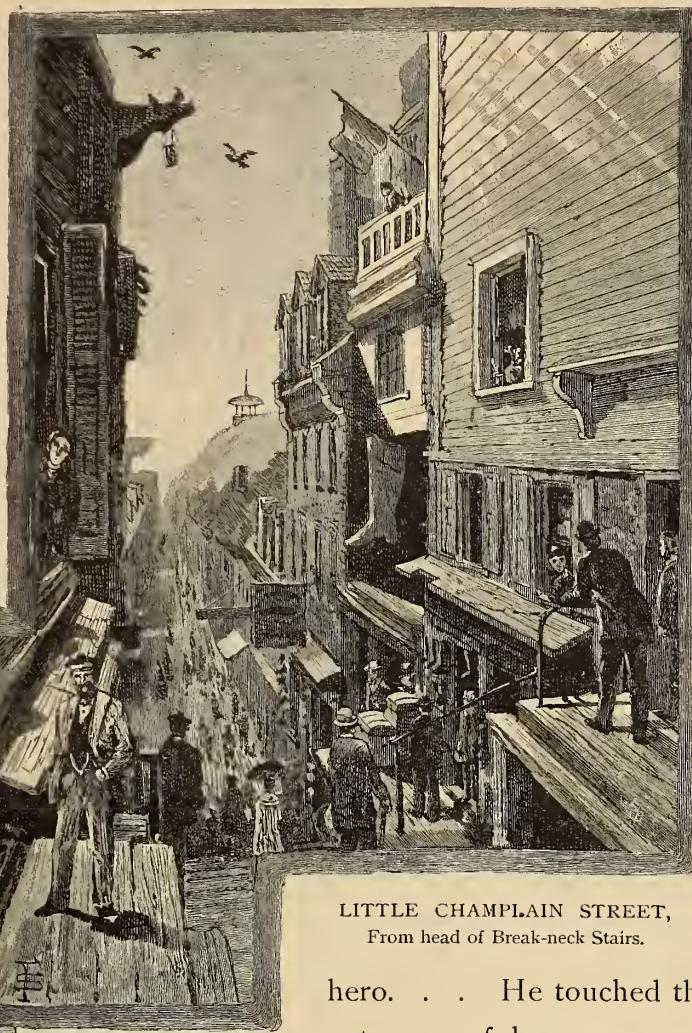
How could better things be expected in the seventeenth century from the monopolies of De Chastes or De Monts, the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, Dieppe, La Rochelle; or even from the Company of the One Hundred Associates organized by Richelieu? Trading interests were supreme with one and all. Those who clamoured for free trade clamoured only for a share of the monopoly. The empire is perpetually at war, and the soldier gets the blame, perhaps the aristocracy, should Mr. Bright be the speaker; but the real culprit is the trader. Our jealousy of Russia and our little wars all the world over have trade interests as their source

and inspiration. In the seventeenth century, Canadian trade meant supplies to the Indians in exchange for peltries, and money spent on anything else seemed to the One Hundred Associates and their servants money thrown away.

Not so thought Champlain. Fortunately, he was too indispensable a man to be recalled, though it was legitimate to oppose, to check, to thwart his projects whenever they did not promise direct returns to the Company. Champlain aimed at founding an empire, and every great empire must be based on farming. Therefore when, in 1617, he brought the erstwhile apothecary, Louis Hébert, to Quebec, he did more for the colony than when he brought the Récollets and Jesuits to it. And let this be said with no depreciation of the labours of the gray robes and black robes. Hébert was the first who gave himself up to the task of cultivating the soil in New France, and the first head of a family resident in the country who lived on what he cultivated. His son-in-law Couillard walked in the same good path, the path first trodden by "the grand old gardener and his wife." No matter how soldiers, sailors, fur-traders and priests might come and go, the farmer's children held on to the land, and their descendants hold it still. They increased and multiplied so mightily that there are few French families of any antiquity in Canada who cannot trace their genealogy by some link back to that of Louis Hébert. Hébert and Couillard Streets, streets quainter and more expressive of the seventeenth century than any to be seen now in St. Malo, commemorate their names. One of their descendants informed the writer that those streets run where the first furrows were ploughed in Canada, probably in the same way that some of the streets in Boston are said to meander along the paths made by the cows of the first inhabitants. Had others followed Hébert's example the colony would not have been so long suspended between life and death, and Champlain could have held out against the Huguenot Kerkts in 1629. But the Company, far from doing anything to encourage the few tillers of the ground, did everything to discourage them. All grain raised had to be sold at a price fixed by the Company, and the Company alone had the power of buying. Of course the Héberts and Couillards ought to have been grateful that there was a Company to buy, for what could farmers do without a market?

Of Champlain's labours it is unnecessary to speak at length. Twenty times he crossed the Atlantic to fight for his colony, though it was a greater undertaking to cross the Atlantic then than to go round the world now. He may be called the founder of Montreal as well as of Quebec. First of Europeans he sailed up the Richelieu, giving to the beautiful river the name of the Company's great patron. He discovered Lake Champlain. He first ascended the Ottawa, crossed to Lake Nipissing, and came down by the valley of the Trent to what he called "the fresh water sea" of Ontario. He secured the alliance of all the Indian tribes—the confederacy of the Five Nations excepted—by treaties which lasted as long as the white flag floated over the castle of St. Louis, and

which laid the foundation of the friendship that has existed between every Canadian government and the old sons and lords of the soil. D'Arcy McGee, in one of those addresses that made learned and unlearned feel what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men, thus sketched his moral qualities and amazing versatility:—"He was brave almost to rashness. He would cast himself with a single European follower in the midst of savage enemies, and more than once his life was endangered by the excess of his confidence and his courage. He was eminently social in his habits—witness his order of *le bon temps*, in which every man of his associates was for one day host to all his comrades. He was sanguine, as became an adventurer; and self-denying, as became a



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET,
From head of Break-neck Stairs.

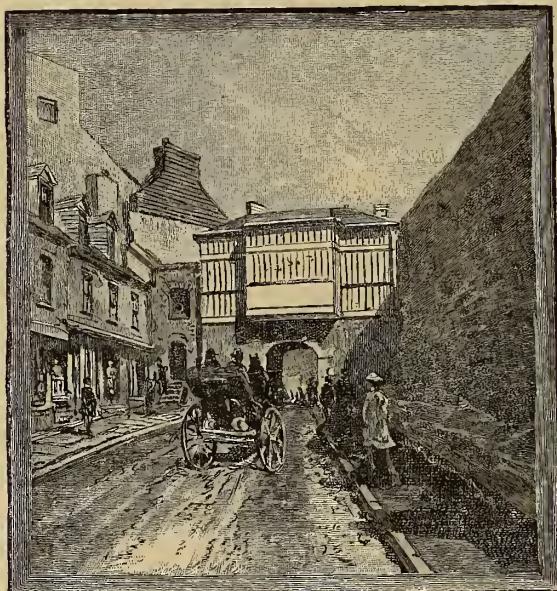


MOUNTAIN HILL,
From top of Break-neck Stairs,

hero. . . . He touched the extremes of human experience among diverse characters and nations. At one time he sketched plans of civilized aggrandizement for Henry IV. and Richelieu; at another, he planned schemes of wild warfare with Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves. He united in a most rare degree the faculties of action and reflection, and like all highly-reflective minds, his thoughts, long cherished in secret, ran often into the mould of maxims, some of which would form the fittest possible inscriptions to be engraven upon his monument. When the merchants of

Quebec grumbled at the cost of fortifying that place, he said, 'It is best not to obey the passions of men; they are but for a season; it is our duty to regard the future.' With all his love of good-fellowship, he was, what seems to some inconsistent with it, sincerely and enthusiastically religious. Among his maxims are these two—that 'the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire;' and that 'kings ought not to think of extending their authority over idolatrous nations, except for the purpose of subjecting them to Jesus Christ.'" The one mistake made by Champlain has already been referred to. He attacked the Iroquois, whereas he should have conciliated them at any cost or remained neutral in all Indian wars. His mistake was not so much intellectual as moral. It was a crime and—*pace* Talleyrand—worse than a blunder. But it is not pleasant to refer to the errors of such a man. Well may Quebec commemorate his name and virtues. Let us not forget, when we walk along the quaint, narrow, crowded street that still bears his name, or clamber "Break-neck Stairs" from Little Champlain Street

to reach Durham Terrace, where he built the Chateau of St. Louis and doubtless often gazed, with hope and pride in his eyes, on a scene like to which there are few on this earth, how much Canada owes to him! Well for those who follow him where all may follow—in unselfishness of purpose, in unflinching valour, and in continence of life. No monument points out his last resting-place, for, strange to say, "of all French governors interred within the *enceinte*, he is the only one of whose place of sepulture we are ignorant."* The registers of Quebec were destroyed in the great conflagration of 1640. Thus it happens that we have not the account of his burial. M. Dionne shows that in all probability the remains were first deposited



PRESCOTT GATE.

Now removed, guarded the approach to the Upper Town by Mountain Hill.

in the chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance; then in a vault of masonry in the chapel built by his successor in the Governorship, whence they were removed by the authorities to the Basilica. Champlain needs no monument, least of all in Quebec. The city is his monument.

Most religious Quebec was from the first under the influence of Champlain; most religious is it in appearance to this day. There are churches enough for a city with five times the present population. Ecclesiastical establishments of one kind or another occupy the lion's share of the space within the walls. At every corner the soutaned ecclesiastic meets you, moving along quietly, with the confidence of one who knows that his foot is

* "Études Historiques," par M. DIONNE.

on his native heath. It was the same with the cities of France in the seventeenth century: but it is not so now. Things have changed there. The Revolution made the Old World New. In Quebec the New World clings to the garments of the Old. Champlain first induced the Récollet friars to come to his aid. The Jesuits, then at the height of their power in France, followed. The Company disliked missionaries almost as much as it disliked farmers. "They tolerated the poor Récollets," says Ferland, "but they dreaded the coming of the Jesuits, who had powerful protectors at Court and who could through them carry their complaints to the foot of the throne." Consequently, when the first detachment of Jesuits arrived they found every door shut against them, and if the Récollets had not offered them hospitality they would have been obliged to return to France.

Magnificent missionaries those first Jesuits were; more devoted men never lived. The names especially of Charles Lalemant and Jean de Brebeuf are still sacred to thousands of French-Canadian Roman Catholics. Two things the Jesuits felt the colony must have —a school for the instruction of girls, and a hospital for the sick. These institutions they desired for the sake of the colonists, most of whom were poor, but still more for the sake of the Indians. The Fathers had left France to convert the Indians; on that work their hearts were set, and they gave themselves to it with a wisdom as great as their self-sacrifice. Protestant missionaries, as a class, are only now learning to imitate their methods of procedure, especially with regard to the establishment of hospitals and the acquisition of a perfect knowledge of the language and modes of thought of the people whose conversion they seek. What Livingstone did in South Africa when he cut himself loose from all the other missionaries who kept within reach of the comforts of the colony, and plunged into the thick of the native tribes beyond; what the Canadian missionary Mackay did eight years ago in Formosa with such brilliant success, the Jesuits always did. Their first task was to master the language. Grammatical knowledge, they knew, was not enough. They lived in the wigwams of the wretched, filthy nomads, travelled with them, carrying the heaviest loads, and submitted to cold and heat, to privations, and the thousand abominations of savage life, without a murmur. They cared for the sick, and, expecting little aid from the old, sought to educate the young. Charlevoix tells us how they succeeded in establishing in Quebec both the Hotel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent. Madame la Duchesse D'Aiguillon, the niece of Richelieu, undertook to found the first. To carry out her pious project she applied to the hospital nuns of Dieppe. "These holy women accepted with joy the opportunity of sacrificing all that they counted dear in the world for the service of the sick poor of Canada; all offered themselves, all asked with tears to be admitted to share in the work." About the same time Madame de la Peltrie, a widow of a good family, resolved to found the Convent of the Ursulines. She devoted all her fortune to give a Christian education to the girls of the colonists and of the Indians, and followed up these sacrifices by devoting herself to the



IN THE GARDENS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT.

work. Young, rich, beautiful, she renounced all advantages and prospects for what then must have been a worse than Siberian exile. At Tours, among the Ursuline nuns, she found Marie de l'Incarnation, who became the first Mother Superior of the new convent, and "Marie de St. Joseph, whom New France regards as one of its tutelary angels." On the fourth of May, 1639, she embarked with three hospital nuns, three Ursulines, and Père Vimond, and on the first of July they arrived at Quebec. The length of the voyage, not to refer to its discomforts, reminds us of the difference between crossing the Atlantic then and now. All Quebec rejoiced on their arrival. Work ceased, the shops were shut, and the town was *en fête*. "The Governor received the heroines on the river's bank at the head of his troops with a discharge of cannon, and after the first compliments he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to church, where Te Deums were chanted as a thanksgiving." From that day till her death,

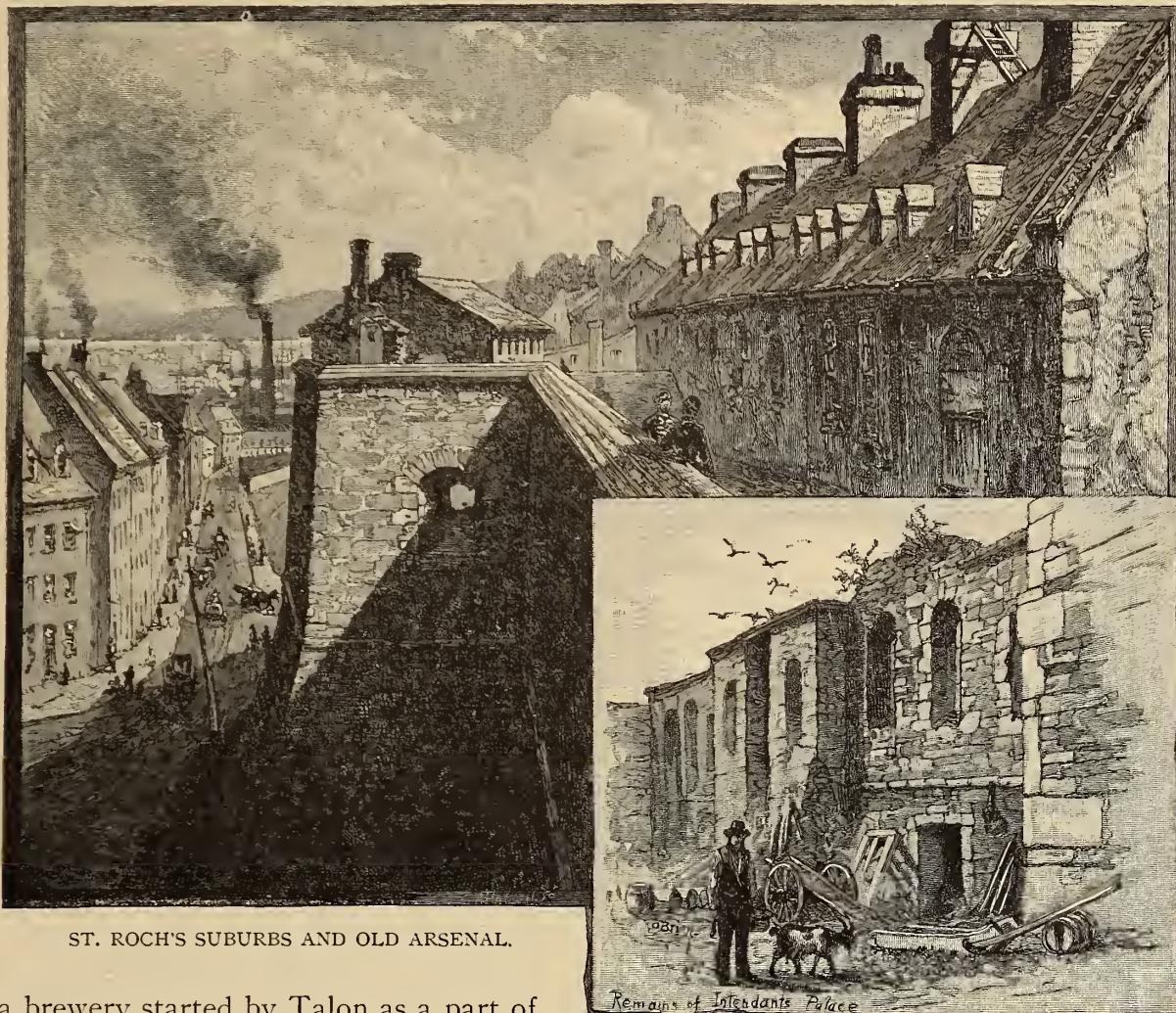
thirty-two years after, Madame de la Peltrie gave herself up to the work she had undertaken. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, whose fervent piety and spirituality of character gained her the name of the Ste. Theresa of New France, died a year after her. These two women lived in an atmosphere so different from ours, that it is extremely difficult for us to judge them. Both have been condemned, the one as an unnatural mother, the other as a disobedient daughter. They believed they were sacrificing the claims of nature to the superior claim of their Saviour. Certainly, their works have followed them. The great Ursuline Convent of Quebec, to which hundreds of girls are sent to be educated from all parts of the continent, is their monument. The buildings have been repeatedly destroyed by fire, but have always been replaced by others more expensive and substantial, the community apparently delighting to testify its sense of the value of the work done by the devoted Sisters. Within their spacious grounds, in the heart of the city, are various buildings, one for boarders, among whom to this day are daughters of Indian chiefs; another for day scholars; a normal school; a school for the poor; a chapel and choir, and nuns' quarters; with gardens, play and pleasure grounds for the youthful inmates, and summer and winter promenades—all eloquent with the memories of the pious founder, who had not disdained to toil in the garden with her own hand. To each generation of susceptible minds the lives of Mme de la Peltrie and Mère Marie are held up for imitation, and no honour is grudged to their memories.

Not only religious, but charitable and moral, was Quebec under the administration of Champlain and his successors. Ferland cites the registers of Notre Dame of Quebec to show that out of 664 children baptised between 1621 and 1661, only one was illegitimate. Still, the colony did not prosper; again and again it was on the point of extinction at the hands of the Iroquois. The Company sat upon its agricultural and industrial development like the old man of the sea. In 1663 the population of New France consisted of only two thousand souls, scattered along a thin broken line from Tadoussac to Montreal. Of this small total Quebec claimed 800. At any moment a rude breath would have killed the colony, but now favouring gales came from Old France. Louis XIV. determined to suppress the Company, and bring Canada under his own direct authority. He constituted by direct appointment a Sovereign Council to sit in Quebec, immediately responsible to himself, the principal functionaries to be the Governor-General, the Royal Intendant, and the Bishop, each to be a spy on the other two. The Governor-General believed himself to be the head of the colony; he formed the apex of the governmental pyramid. But the Intendant, who was Chief of Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine, understood that the King looked to him, and that the colony was in his hands, to be made or marred. The Bishop, again, knew that both Governor-General and Intendant would have to dance according as he pulled the wires at Court. Talon, the first Intendant who arrived in Quebec, was the ablest who ever held the position. Talon was a statesman, a pupil of Colbert, and in some respects in advance

of his great master. He urged immigration as a means of ensuring to France the possession of the New World. Colbert, with the wisdom of the seventeenth century, replied that it would not be prudent to depopulate the kingdom. "Secure New York," Talon urged, "and the great game will be gained for France." When that step was not taken he projected a road to Acadie,—which it was left to our day, by the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, to carry out, and thus to give to Canada indispensable winter ports. He pushed discovery in every direction, selecting his men with marvellous sagacity. Under his direction, St. Simon and La Couture reached Hudson's Bay by the valley of the Saguenay; Père Druilletes, the Atlantic seaboard by the Chaudiere and the Kennebec; Perrot, the end of Lake Michigan and the entrance of Superior; Joliet and Père Marquette, the father of waters down to the Arkansas. In Talon's day Quebec rose from being a fur-trading post into commercial importance. He believed in the country he had been sent to govern, and was of opinion that a wise national policy demanded the encouragement in it of every possible variety of industrial development. His mantle fell on none of his successors. Instead of fostering the industries Talon had inaugurated and defending the commercial liberty which he had obtained, they stifled industry and trade under restrictions and monopolies. Not that the Intendants were wholly to blame; they were sent out on purpose to govern the colony, not with a view to its own benefit, but with a view to the benefit of Old France. Neither the King nor his minister could conceive that Canada would benefit the mother country, only as its material and industrial development increased. Talon had twelve successors. Of all these, the last, Bigot, was the worst. To Bigot more than to any other man France owes the loss of the New World. He impoverished the people, nominally for the King's service, really to enrich himself. That the poor, plundered, cheated *habitans* were willing to fight as they did for the King, and that Montcalm was able to accomplish anything with the commissariat Bigot provided, are the wonderful facts of the Conquest of 1759. The Intendant's house was by far the most expensive and most splendidly furnished in Quebec. It was emphatically "The Palace," and the gate nearest it was called the Palace Gate. It stood outside the walls,—its principal entrance opposite the cliff on the present line of St. Valier Street, "under the Arsenal;" while its spacious grounds, beautifully laid out in walks and gardens, extending over several acres, sloped down to the river St. Charles.* It is described in 1698 as having a frontage of 480 feet, consisting of the Royal storehouse and other buildings, in addition to the Palace itself, so that it appeared a little town. In 1713 it was destroyed by fire, but immediately rebuilt in accordance with the French domestic style of the period, two storeys and a basement, as shown by sketches made by one of the officers of the fleet that accompanied Wolfe's expedition. Here, no matter what might be the poverty of the people, the Intendant surrounded himself with splendour. In Bigot's time every form of dissipation reigned in the Palace; while the

* Summary of the "History of the Intendant's Palace," by CHARLES WALKEM, Militia Department.

habitant, who had left his farm to fight for the King, could hardly get a ration of black bread for himself, or a sou to send to his starving wife and little ones at home. Our illustration shows all that is left of the magnificent Palace. It arose out



ST. ROCH'S SUBURBS AND OLD ARSENAL.

Remains of Intendant's Palace

of a brewery started by Talon as a part of his national policy, and it has returned to be part of a brewery, and for all the luxury and bravery there is nothing now to show, and the cheating and the gambling are, let us hope, receiving their just recompense of reward.

The Governor's Chateau is not. The Intendant's Palace was destroyed more than a century ago, but the Bishop's house, seminary and cathedral still remain, and the bishop, or archbishop as he is now styled, is yet the most potent personage in Quebec. The early bishop, Laval, is one of the historic figures of New France. Seen by Ultramontane eyes, this first Canadian bishop stands on the highest pinnacle of human excellence and greatness ; the only mystery being that the Church has not yet canonized him. He did everything "for the glory of God," the expression meaning to him, as to ecclesiastical fanatics of every creed, the glory of the Church, and in some measure the glory of himself. He cared nothing for money or any form of vulgar

greatness. His ambition was loftier. He would rule the souls of men, and woe to the man in his widely-extended diocese, be he Governor-General, statesman, merchant, priest or savage, who ventured to call his soul his own. True, none seemed more ready than Laval to give support to the State. The Church was supreme only in things spiritual. Kings, too, ruled by Divine right. But then the Church was to instruct the King, or the King's representative, as to what matters were civil and what spiritual. For instance, when the bishop decided that the introduction of brandy into the colony was injurious to religion, the importing or sale of brandy became a spiritual matter. In that case the Governor, on pain of excommunication, must punish the vendor of brandy with the pillory, and, if need be, with death. Evidently, General Neal Dow follows, *longo intervallo*, our first Canadian bishop. Always fighting, Laval could say as honestly as the King himself, "It seems to me I am the only person who is always right." The constitution of the Church of New France took its permanent form from him. His clergy were his soldiers. When he said "March," they marched. He established a lesser seminary where they were educated as boys, and the great seminary where they were trained as priests. He assigned their fields of labour, changed them as he saw meet, and provided a home whither, when infirm or exhausted with labour or old age, they might resort, either to recruit or die in peace. Their directory in life and death was every word that proceeded out of the mouth of the bishop. Other directory they desired not. To the seminary a University under Royal Charter was attached in 1852, and to that University Laval's name has been deservedly given. The Charter, which sets forth that the seminary has existed for two hundred years, constitutes the archbishop visitor, and the superior and directors of the seminary a body corporate, with all the privileges of a University, and full power to make all statutes and appoint all professors. "Laval University has nothing more to ask from the civil and religious authorities to complete its constitution," is the announcement of its board of government. Its Royal Charter assimilates it to the most favoured University of the United Kingdom, while the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Ninth, magnificently crowned the edifice by according to it in 1876 solemn canonical honours by the Bull "*inter varias solicitudines*."

From the opposite shore of Levis, Laval University, standing in the most commanding position in the upper town, towering to a height of five storeys, is the most conspicuous building in Quebec. The American tourist takes it for the chief hotel of the place, and congratulates himself that a child of the monster hotels he loves has found its way north of the line. When he finds that it is only a University, he visits it as a matter of course, looks at the library and museum, remarking casually on their inferiority to those in any one of the four hundred and odd Universities in the United States, and comes out in a few minutes, likely enough without having gone to the roof to see one of the most glorious panoramas in the New World. Here



AT THE GATE OF LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

he is, at the gate. Blessings on his serene, kindly sense of superiority to all men or things in heaven or on earth! He has seen nothing that can compare for a moment with Slickville. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Sisters, students, Canadian soldiers, civilians, are round about, but he alone is monarch of all he surveys. A strange sight arrests his attention. Young Canada, cap in hand, cap actually off his head, and

head reverently bowed while a priest speaks a kind word or perhaps gives his blessing! This is something new, and he is too good an observer not to make a note of it, congratulating himself at the same time that *he* is willing to make allowances. Is it not his "specialty," as John Ruskin hath it, "his one gift to the race—to show men how *not* to worship?"

A Canadian may be pardoned for calling attention to the significance of the grant, by the British Government, of a Royal Charter to Laval University. The trust in an hierarchy that the people trust, illustrates the fundamental principle of its policy in Canada. No matter what the question, so long as it is not inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, Canada is governed in accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes of the people of each Province. The success which has attended the frank acceptance of this principle suggests the only possible solution of that Irish Question which still baffles statesmen. What has worked like a charm here ought to work in another part of the Empire. Here, we have a million of people opposed in race, religion, character and historical associations to the majority of Canadians, a people whose forefathers fought England for a century and a half on the soil on which the children are now living;—a Celtic people, massed together in one Province, a people proud, sensitive, submissive to their priests, and not very well educated;—this people half a century ago badgered every Governor that Britain sent out, stopped the supplies, embarrassed authority, and at last broke out into open rebellion. Now, they are peaceable, contented, prosperous. They co-operate for all purposes of good government with the other Provinces, do no intentional injustice to the Protestant minority of their own Province, and are so heartily loyal to the central authority that it has become almost an unwritten law to select the Minister of War from their representatives in Parliament. Let him who runs read, and read, too, the answer of D'Arcy McGee to those who wondered that the young rebel in Ireland should be the mature ardent admirer of British government in Canada: "If in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is now governed, I would have been as sound a constitutionalist as is to be found in Ireland."

The best thing Louis XIV. did for Quebec was the sending to it of the regiment of Carignan-Salières. A few companies of veterans, led by Canadian blue-coats, penetrated by the Richelieu to the lairs of the Iroquois, and struck such terror into them that the colony was thenceforth allowed to breathe and to grow. Still better, when the regiment was disbanded, most of the soldiers remained, and many of the picturesque towns and villages that have grown up along the Richelieu and St. Lawrence owe their names to the officers, to whom large seignorial rights were given by the King on condition of their settling in the colony. From these veterans sprang a race as adventurous and intrepid as ever lived. Their exploits as salt-water and fresh-water sailors, as *coureurs de bois*, discoverers, soldiers regular and

The next issue, No. 2, of

PICTURESQUE CANADA

will continue the graphic narrative, begun in the initial part, of the early history of the ancient capital of French Canada, from the period of the opportune arrival, at a critical juncture in the colony's affairs, of the famous regiment of Carignan-Salières. It will then pass through the stirring régime of Count Frontenac, when French adventure, led by La Salle, plumed its wing westward to the Mississippi and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, on to the opening of the Seven Years' War and the final struggle of the two races for empire on the Plains of Abraham. This heroic and fateful period it will interestingly deal with, bringing Wolfe and his combined land and sea force on the scene, with all the incidents connected with the Conquest of Quebec, and the transference of all Canada from the French to the English Crown.

The Montgomery invasion, during the Revolutionary War, will then briefly be chronicled, with a glance at the War of 1812, and the political effects of Pitt's Constitutional Act, of 1791, which carved Upper Canada out of the vast area long under the dominion of the French *fleur-de-lis*. Then will follow, after a disquisition on the problems of Canada's future destiny, an account of Quebec, picturesque and descriptive, dealing with the later modern era and the local topography of the ancient city, including its civil, military and ecclesiastical life, and a glowing tribute to the grandeur and impressive beauty of the world-famed views from Durham Terrace and the Citadel.

Among the Charming Illustrations which embellish this part are the following:

Montmorency Falls—magnificent full page view.
Dufferin Terrace.
Quebec from Point Levis.
The Heights of Abraham.
The Citadel and Ramparts.
Looking up from the Wharves.
View overlooking the North Channel, from the Grand Battery and Laval University.

View overlooking the St. Charles Valley.
Wolfe's Monument and Martello Tower on the Plains of Abraham.
Quebec, from the Old Manor House at Beauport.
Architectural Relic—*Sous le Cap*.
Buade Street, and its characteristic traffic.
Quebec Custom House, from the Wharves.
Montgomery Invasion—House in which the leader died.

New York: JAMES CLARKE, 21 Park Row, Publisher.